

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE

FROM AN UNFORTUNATE

ELECTOR of GERMANY

TO HIS FRIEND

Mr. PINCHBECK.

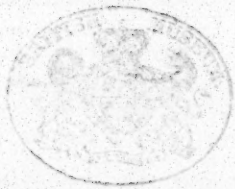
—————*As when the sun new-risen
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs ;—————*

MILTON.

L O N D O N :

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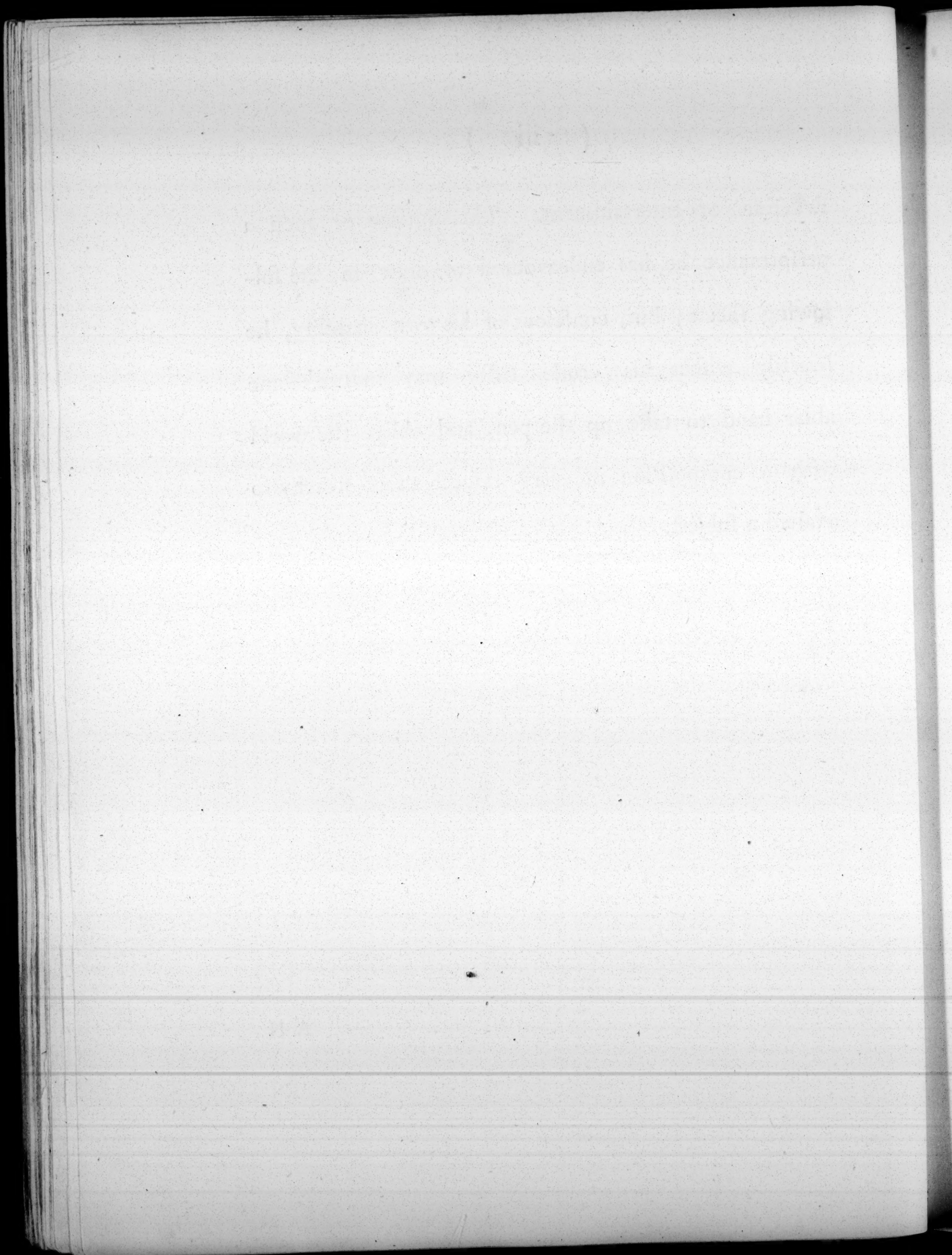
IMAGINATION can scarcely form a picture of calamity more dreadful than that which must have fallen upon this unhappy nation, and the greatest Personage in it, had the success of the late horrid PLOT, so providentially discovered, been answerable to the mischievous intention and diabolical spirit of its seditious contrivers. According to the information of adjutant RICHARDSON, “The design

A

“ was

“ was to seize the K---, going to the House of Lords,
 “ to convey his M—— to the Tower, and from thence
 “ to send him to his German dominions.”----After his
 arrival there, he would, in all probability, have taken
 the first opportunity of informing some faithful and con-
 fidential friend, by a pathetic letter, of the particulars
 of his melancholy situation. Such a letter, like the
Icon Basiliké of the BLESSED MARTYR, would, doubtless,
 have afforded an admirable “*Pourtraiture* of Sacred
 “ Majesty in its solitude and sufferings.” Though the
 dreadful occasion never happened, and though “ the
 “ Eloquence of a K——” (as *Lord Bacon* observes)
 “ is inimitable,” the author thought that a conjectu-
 ral sketch of the probable stile and contents of such
 an Epistle might not be wholly barren, either of in-
 struction

struction or entertainment. The outline of such a performance he has endeavoured to draw in the following sheets; but, conscious of his own inability, he heartily wishes his crude Essay may induce some abler hand to take up the pen, and oblige the world with a composition in every respect more worthy so exalted a subject.



AN
ELEGIAC EPISTLE

FROM

An unfortunate GERMAN ELECTOR,

TO

His Friend, Mr. PINCHBECK.

I, who in glory's radiant lists enroll'd,
The reins of mighty empires late controul'd ;
Perplext their councils, or their spirit broke,
And bow'd reluctant factions to the yoke ;
Whose mighty hand could wield the golden rod,
The fam'd Caduceus of the winged god,
Of power to charm the steady patriot's hate,
Tho' BURKE and BARRE swell'd the fierce debate ;

B

Then

'Then gently drawn across a courtier's nose,
 Awake his grace in thunder from repose ;
 Fierce as young *Turnus* bursting from his rest,
 With all *Alecto's* venom in his breast ;
 Now of My glory, and My hope bereft,
 With neither army, wealth, nor credit left ;
 With trembling hand this sad epistle send
 To thee, a brother-artist,---yet a friend.

O could I tell by faithless men betray'd,
 What cares distract Me, and what fears invade !
 Inspir'd by friendship, could my PINCHEY trace,
 The faded Majesty that dims My face ;
 His EXHIBITION sure would please no more,
 Tho' lords by dozens waited at the door !
 His hand would let the polish'd metal fall,
 And his true tears bedew his sovereign's scrawl.

No more that ft-ff-n-ck'd, f-t l-th-rg-c thing,
 That pl-mp unm--n-ng image of a ----- ;

Now

Now worn by fasting, and dissolv'd in tears,
 The waning grandeur of My form appears,
 Not country maids that fly from rural sport,
 To lose their health, and modesty at court;
 Not titled jockeys mounted for a race;
 Not hungry Scotsmen gaping for a place;
 Not British soldiers baulk'd of all supply;
 E'er look'd so dwindled, and so lean as I.

Alas! how chang'd from what I once appear'd,
 Addrest by Senates, and by Patriots fear'd!
 When crown'd with all the laurels conquest yields,
 Won by My legions in St. George's Fields;
 A softer care succeeded that of battle,
 Not of My subjects only, but their cattle!*
 But this, my PINCHY, doubles ev'ry grief,
 That vile republicans devour the beef!
 In vain whole herds in My dominions roar,
 No Sir-loin enters at the Monarch's door.

O had

* This is supposed to allude to a certain famous SPEECH about a disorder among the *horned cattle*.

O had they rather perish'd in the shock,
 A gen'ral murrain blasted every flock,
 Than thus from plenty and a thr*** flung out,
 That I should stoop to H-n-v-r and Krout !
 Yet think not meanly for Myself I pine,
 On water and potatoes us'd to dine ;
 No---My poor household's wants excite My fear,
 Already I'm five quarters in arrear !
 And should no votes of credit now be past,
 How will the treasury-bench endure a fast?
 Oft have they told Me that a million clear
 Would scarce discharge the pensions of the year.
 Fasting to Me's a trifle, I declare,
 With them good eating is no trivial care.
 Bridget * will swear, I'm better lean than fat,---
 But then the Constitution--- think of that.
 My standing army, bishops and excise---
 Ah!---there, My friend, the Constitution lies.---

Should

* Lady B. T--lm--che.

Should sons of Peers, deserted in the lurch,
 No longer save the world and guide the church;
 Should RIGBY lose his pension and his punk,
 Where would the Constitution then be sunk?

Heav'n knows, I've labour'd for no other ends,
 And lost My people, to preserve My *friends*.
 But how am I rewarded for My toils?
 Gods! at the very thought My heart recoils!
 Condemn'd a wretched fugitive to roam,
 Ah! worse than banished---sent to live at home.
 For this a thousand pains distract my head,
 My cheeks are blubber'd, and My eyes are red;
 Yet see how all things in this abject state
 Conspire to wound My ears with all I hate!
 Each fresh report some new misfortune brings,
 And bears rebellious conquests on its wings.
 Ah! where are now the glories of My reign?
 My boasted triumphs on the western main?

Lo, fortune frowns upon the r----l cause,
 And heaven for once declares for right and laws.
 See on *Qu-b-c* provincial colours fly !
 See all is lost beneath the western sky !
 My guards themselves desert the fierce attack,
 And vanquish'd *C-rlt-n* brings his ribband back ;
 Sly *Fr-nkl-n* now My *W-dd-rb-rn* defies,
 And calls triumphant lightnings from the skies ;
 While unmolested on the swelling tide,
 The haughty navies of the CONGRESS ride.

Who can recount the horrors of that day,
 Which forc'd thy f-v'r---n in disguise away ?
 O wretched day ! more fatal to My peace,
 Than that which from the tower gave WILKES release,
 Or that which saw (what will not patriots dare ?)
 The Lord's anointed snubb'd by a Lord Mayor !*
 While leaden P-mfr-t stood astonish'd by,
 And every lord in waiting cried out, "fye !"

O let

* BECKFORD.

O let My pen the mournful tale disclose,
 For thou, perhaps, hast heard but half My woes!
 Know, PINCHEY, then, as thro' the park I roll'd,
 Drawn by white steeds, in scarlet trimm'd with gold;
 The sky was calm, and on the level mall
 Sleek H--RR--NGT-N appear'd and many a belle;
 And TIDDY-DOLL was there, and in a row
 Stood cits and black-guards gaping at the show;
 No acclamations founded in the air,---
 The vulgar star'd, and I return'd the stare.
 Long since I learnt to scorn the fickle croud,
 And all their "curfes," if, tho' "deep, not loud;"
 But silent more than usual they appear'd,
 Not ev'n My hireling shouters now were heard,
 Tho' paid full well,--- ah! little did I know,
 They too were paid by the seditious foe.
 On as I pass'd, and, on My Speech intent,
 Majestically conn'd it as I went,

A sudden

A sudden languor seiz'd My royal breast,
 I doz'd, and nodding sunk at length to rest ;
 When lo ! some power, protector of My state,
 In boding visions warn'd Me of My fate,
 Before My mental eye a form appears,
 Whose cheeks were wet with never-ceasing tears ;
 Pale was his visage, and deform'd with gore,
 And in his hand a bloody ax he bore ;
 The pointed beard, the cheerless oval face,
 Proclaim'd the MARTYR of the STUART race ;
 A crown of thorns he wore, and round him roll'd
 A snowy vest in many a mystic fold,
 Where dreadful scenes, to my astonish'd sight,
 Were half-disclos'd, and half-involv'd in night ;
 There monarchs proud, and mighty chiefs I view'd,
 Who ravag'd empires, or who realms subdu'd ;
 NIMROD I saw, and ALARIC, stern forms,
 And GENGIS, dreadful as his native storms ;

Here

Here PERSIA's tyrant leads his fell array,
 And all the East is blasted in his way ;
 There like chaf'd lions, from their burning sands,
 Arabia's prophet calls his frantic bands.
 These and a thousand more of equal fame,
 In gloomy ranks I saw, too long to name.
 But in another part my eyes survey'd
 Disastrous kings, and mighty chiefs betray'd.
 There headless HOLOFERNES prest the ground,
 His vital torrents streaming from the wound ;
 Victorious JOSHUA beheld I there,
 And five great monarchs dangling in the air.
 Unhappy SAUL ! by sympathy undone,
 (Kings have but little mercy, priests have none,)
 Cast from his throne, for sparing herds and flocks !
 And captive AGAG butcher'd like an ox !
 Nor absent ATHALIAH's mournful fate,
 Slain, wretched queen ! before the temple-gate ;

D

So

So heaven, or heaven's interpreters decreed,
 What place so fitted to an holy deed?
 But wherefore should I waste My precious time
 In long description, or unmeaning rhyme?
 All who from time's most early date had bled,
 Or left their empire, or from vengeance fled,
 For injur'd rights, and violated laws,
 The common suff'ers in a common cause;
 All who have fall'n by poison, ropes or knives,
 By plotting mistresses, or faithless wives,
 Were here pourtray'd: but far above the rest,
 Imperial JULIUS seem'd to shine confest.
 But while a thousand nations round him bow,
 And empire twines her circlet round his brow,
 Silent the stern assassin aims the blow,
 That freed the world, and laid the tyrant low.
 One scene alone eluded all My skill,
 And tho' I often guess'd, I guess'd but ill;

Two mighty lions, monarchs of the wood,
 Their cruel fangs in mutual gore imbrued,
 Both struck, both wounded, both disdain'd to yield,
 Tho' blood in torrents delug'd all the field ;
 For still what nature to their force denied
 Reviving rage, and high disdain supplied.
 While thus I gaz'd upon the ballanc'd fight,
 Yelling the spectres vanish from My fight ;
 A sudden night the trembling earth deforms,
 The sky was troubled, and the sea in storms ;
 While horrid sounds came floating on the air,
 The shouts of joy, the wailings of despair :
 A mournful voice, " WO TO THE MIGHTY " cried,
 And one exulting " VICTORY " replied.
 At this the royal phantom seem'd to sigh,
 And " Fly," it said, " O heaven-deserted ! fly !
 " My power, like thine, this people once obey'd ;
 " I t--, like th--, dissembled, wept, and pray'd,
 " Tho'

“ Tho’ now a martyr’d faint, by CROMWELL’s steel,
 “ Thy wrongs I share, and for thy dangers feel.
 “ Not thine the fault, that my unhappy race,
 “ With monks and vagrants beg from place to place,
 “ Nor that the Vatican again has known
 “ A British monarch suppliant for a throne.
 “ Ah ! no, my son, well pleas’d I saw thee start,
 “ A soverign fitted to a STUART’s heart.
 “ Not my own JAMES was more my darling known,
 “ Tho’ all the father in the offspring shone.
 “ I circled all the mazes of thy soul,
 “ And tho’ unseen, impell’d thee to the goal.
 “ Joyful I saw thee to one centre draw
 “ All rights, all powers, and ty-----ze by law ;
 “ And if where three successive STUARTS fail’d,
 “ A mortal might prevail, thou hadst prevail’d ;
 “ The bolts of d-sp-t-sm thy hand had hurl’d,
 “ And blotted fr--d-m’s image from the world.

But

" But well, alas ! I know this stubborn throng,
 " Whom to my cost I strove to rule so long ;
 " Rough as their clime, inconstant as their seas,
 " *No king can tame them, and no God can please.*
 " O heavens ! I see the horrors of my reign,
 " Revive in th--, and acted o'er again ;
 " See the mad populace in swarms appear,
 " Inspir'd at once by liberty and beer ;
 " Again fanatic puritans have crept
 " Into the stalls where late the prebends slept ;
 " Another HOLLES is in LUTTEREL born,
 " Another PETERS bellows forth in HORNE ;
 " And WILKES displays, in these degen'rate times,
 " Void of all HAMBDEN's virtues, HAMBDEN's crimes.
 " Will they whose fires expell'd My sacred line,
 " Respect in th-- the claim of right divine ?
 " Will they whose fires beheaded mitred Laud,
 " By T-CK-R, NO-L, or young N-RTH be aw'd ?

E

No,

“ No, heav’n allows th-- no resource but prayer,

“ Just God ! I view another JOYCE in SAYRE !”

Thus spoke the spectre of the injur’d king,

I started from My sleep, and pull’d the string.

But all in vain his warning and My fears,

Already at My coach fell SAYRE appears.

Full at My breast his level piece he cocks,

A pistol,---or a pistol tinder-box ;

While all the rabble cheers him with their cries,

And *forty-five* is eccho’d to the skies.

What could I do? ah! what could you have done,

To save My honour, yet the danger shun?

Too wise to risk My person in the fray,

I holloo’d to My g--rds---they run away,

And quietly disperse about the town,---

What will not Britons do for half-a-crown?

Then fierce SIR WATKIN brings up fresh supplies,

Ten thousand presbyterians in disguise.

To

To this extremity of danger brought,
 Some God inspir'd Me with a lucky thought.
 Prostrate I fell, and cried, " Victorious Sayre !
 " Hold thy rash hand, and listen to My prayer.
 " Thy troops have seen thee victor in the fray,
 " Mine would have done so, had they dar'd to stay---
 " Then deign to conquer in a bloodless strife,
 " And take My money, but preserve My life.
 " More would'st thou have?---My ***** I resign,
 " My fl--ts, My arm--s,---nay, My Q--- is thine.
 " Let Me but live, tho' exil'd I should go,
 " Where fullen winds o'er Scottish mountains blow.
 " Or if thy prudence this retreat denies,
 " Far hence dismiss me to paternal skies.
 " My loyal Scots, tho' poor, will succour bring,
 " For they have ever lov'd a banish'd **** ;
 " Let me but live---forget this groundless hate,
 " The rest resign'd, I leave to thee and fate."---

At

At this the Victor roll'd his gloomy eyes,
And, sternly frowning, thus at length replies.

“ Yes, thou shalt live, proud man, but live to see

“ Thy power abolish'd, and thy people free.

“ Too long this hapless land has borne the weight,

“ Of thriftless rulers, and licentious state :

“ And seen it's honest peasants drudge to feed

“ A vile, unprincipled, luxurious breed ;

“ Who drain the rich man's hoarded wealth, or steal

“ The scanty morsel from the lab'rer's meal ;

“ Meanness and insolence that know no bounds ;

“ Oppr-ss-ve cr--lty that all confounds ;

“ That, like CALIGULA, at nature strikes,

“ Or starves whole provinces at once with SYKES.”

He ceas'd--- but, PINCHEY, how shall I relate
The measure of My wrongs, or of his hate ?

What ne'er rebellious subject dar'd to try,

What never captive M----- bore but I !

Ev'n

Ev'n while he spoke, a loaden cart was seen,
 With all the filth of some vile jakes obscene.---
 Ye powers, that rule o'er sublunary things,
 And guide the sacred destiny of ——,
 Where were ye then?—The villain thrust Me in—
 I sunk like lead, and flounder'd to the chin.
 There did I lie, and soak at least an hour,
 While his black guards convey'd me to the Tower.
 There a close prisoner six long weeks I staid;
 Thro' Essex in a calf-cart then convey'd,
 Patient all taunts, all ridicule I bore,
 Till ship'd at Harwich for the Belgic shore:
 Next to a filthy Hack-Schuyt was I led,
 Poison'd by smoke, on pickled herrings fed,
 Thro' that vile land of liberty and fogs,
 And stinking Dutchmen croaking like their frogs;
 Thro' sloughs then jolted, and unbeaten ways,
 In that curs'd vehicle,---a German chaise;

These, and a thousand other dangers past,
 Scarce My own ***** I reach at last.---

Yet not all this contents their cruel will,
 Alas ! I feel I am a prisoner still ;
 And My stern keepers scarce allow Me free,
 These few sad moments while I write to thee !

What milder scenes can Britain's shores supply ?
 Was ever m——h so distress'd as I ?
 There proud democracy enthron'd appears,
 On the bent necks of prelates and of peers.
 There mad sedition rears her scarlet head,
 Say, are My ministers all h--g'd or fl-d ?
 For them unnumber'd eggs obscur'd the sky,
 Each blanket trembled, and each pump was dry.
 Yet some by dint of impudence and lies,
 Baffled the rabble's fury in disguise ;
 And some, I know, content with wretched life,
 'Scap'd with sequester'd fortunes in the strife,

And

And still exert, tho' in a meaner state,
 The talents that conspir'd to make them great.
 So pious D-RTM---TH, once My pride and boast,
 Raves from a tub about the Holy Ghost,
 The saving light, the uncreated word---
 Thrice happy ! had he never been a Lord.
 And JEMMY TWITCHER, with unwearied thumbs,
 Still beats his everlasting kettle-drums,
 Jack-pudding to a show ; where N--TH aspires
 Still to direct the puppets and the wires.
 Almost as aukward in his low estate,
 As when he danc'd both houses, and the state.
 Who can imagine, or what pen explain
 The panic that oppress'd My poor G--M--NE ?
 Frantic with fear from street to street he flew,
 You would have thought all *Minden* in his view :
 What hope remain'd, or who would succour lend
 To him who ne'er knew pity, or a friend ?

DICK R-GBY on a coach-box was discern'd
 Those arts displaying he so long had learn'd ;
 With such dexterity he mov'd his wrist,
 His elbows squar'd, and shook his brawny fist ;
 The wond'ring mob admir'd him there elate,
 Nor e'er suspected he had driv'n a state.
 Next sneaking L-TT-LT-N was seen, poor imp !
 Caught in th' inglorious habit of a pimp ;
 And sure ev'n thus he might have made his way,
 Or with his black-legg'd brethren shar'd the prey ;
 Could he have giv'n his wonted baseness o'er,
 And but for once been honest to his whore ;
 Nor till he gave the lady a black eye,
 Did she inform, his lordship c---'d the die.
 And sure had Regal government remain'd,
 To the new gallies had the peer been chain'd ;
 But WILKES and FOX by accident stepp'd in,
 And sav'd the foe in pity to the sin.

See ! too My bishops all desert their flocks,
 And W-RB--T-N does penance in the stocks ;
 H-NCHCL-FFE puts on the habit of a punk,
 And B-RR-NGT-N sells oranges, half-drunk ;
 Others at *Manchester* retail strong beer,
 Or light the playhouse which they help'd to rear.

O had I been by fate ordain'd the poor
 But happy 'Prentice-boy that sweeps thy door !
 Or to a wholesale button-maker bound,
 Or only taught to turn a watch-key round ;
 Far, far from thrones, conspiracies and strife,
 In sweet obscurity had pass'd My life ;
 But now too late ! I fear, for me to learn,
 By honest toil My daily bread to earn,
 With My own hands each evening to shut up
 A shop, and without Lords in waiting sup.
 Far other schemes fill this anointed pate,
 That for a Crown still aches, and regal state.

G

Thine

Thine too I know is for contrivance form'd,
 As with true loyalty thy breast is warm'd,
 O leave thy half-turn'd buttons and thy wheel,
 And for thy Sovereign plot with wonted zeal;
 O set to work that fine inventive brain,
 Thy genius cannot labour long in vain;
 All thy mechanic powers exert for Me,
 And by some noble gimcrack set me free.
 Send picklocks and cork-jackets to My aid,
 (Of the sea-sickness I am not afraid)
 Or might I hope from thee yet bolder things?
 Could'st thou not make thy **** a pair of wings?
 This feat by meaner artists has been done;
 And trust Me, I'll not fly too near the sun,
 With cautious art, like DÆDALUS, I'll rise,
 A royal buzzard thro' the middle skies;
 Safe o'er the seas My skilful flight pursue,
 And light at WINDSOR CASTLE, or at KEW;

Without

Without one battle risked---transporting thought !
 As if by miracle to BRITAIN brought ;
 Heaven's guiding hand ev'n infidels will see,
 Bow down submissive to "the powers that be,"
 And own that freedom's but a worthless thing,
 Without the blessing of a pious king.

Then with what joy will the converted nation,
 Crown'd with oak branches, hail My R-ST-R-T--N !
 Again, as at the vagrant CH-RL-S' return,
 These curs'd republicans we'll hang or burn ;
 Bells shall be rung, and bonfires shall be made,
 And the Park-guns all fir'd on the parade ;
 Bright Thames the fam'd REGATTA shall renew,
 And ocean glory in a grand REVIEW ;
 A new thanksgiving by th' archbishops made,
 In all the churches shall be sung or said ;
 For three whole days the people shall be drunk,
 And thou shalt be created BARON MONK.

T H E E N D.

Without one bark of warning

As if by magic to Britain's shore

Heaven's grating hand even then

Bow down from this to that power

And over the world's wide waters

Without the lifting of a hand

Then with what joy will the world

Crown it with one monarch

Again, as of old, the crown

They could not bear to hang

But that the world and nations

And the world's guns all fired on the parade

Bright the world's a field of flowers

And ocean grey in a grand

A new thanksgiving by the world

In this the world's a field

For the world's the people's

And the world's the world's

